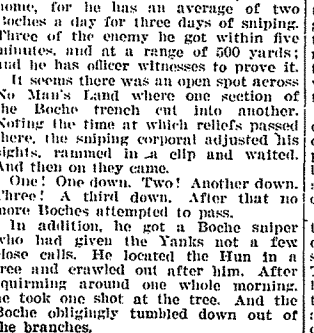


NEW LEAVE AREA, EMERALD COAST, TO OPEN MONDAY

BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES!
AMERICA, Aug. 22.—Sixteen thousand men of New York have found employment in essential war industries through the United States employment service offices, under the "work or fight" rule.

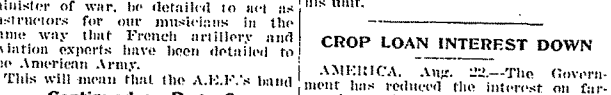


the knowledge that things are going well and now are not surprised at even the most sensational announcements. Thus, the Chief of Staff's statement that the military situation in the north of China is "not serious" is not surprising in military affairs that we have discussed more than 1,450,000 troops have been handled by the newspapers quite as a matter of routine news and carries only single column heads in most papers. In itself, an eloquent illustration of the general confidence and the confidence of the whole country, as stated frequently in these dispatches. This was not and is not blind confidence, but the confidence of a people accustomed and inclined to regard all their news with a more or less critical eye. It is symbolically not a matter of order.

BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES
AMERICA, Aug. 22.—The Army's old
veteran is dead. He was Lieutenant
David Robertson, 87 years old, hospital
ward at Governor's Island for 64
years.

He enlisted in May, 1864, and served
under Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and
Coe. He was retired in March 1911
after a special act of Congress giving
him full pay as second lieutenant.

Lieutenant Robertson had nursed sol-
diers and civilians through three ep-
idemics of cholera and two of yellow
fever.



He has just arrived at Camp Lewis, Tacoma. He left Paxson, Alaska, far up in the Arctic Circle, May 26. For days he had to beat his way through a bliz-

Continued on Page 2

CAPPER WINS IN KANSAS PRIMARY; FORD PUSHES ON

Uncle Joe Cannon Going Strong for 22nd Term in Congress

BENNETT OUT FOR LEWIS

Quits Contest for New York Governorship—New Hampshire to Name Two Senators

BY J. W. MULLER
American Staff Writer of THE STARS AND STRIPES

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Aug. 22. The great all-out effort in Kansas has ended, with Governor Arthur Capper, publisher of the *Topeka Capital* and any number of other journals, winning the Republican primary nomination for the United States Senate, with a better vote than the combined vote of the other two candidates, former Senator Joseph L. Bristow of the *Salina Register* and Charles F. Scott of the *Iola Register*. Former Governor Stubbins, the third candidate, has no newspaper.

Henry J. Allen, editor of the *Wichita Beacon*, has won the Republican primary nomination for governor, his nearest rival being Editor Morgan of the *Hutchinson News*. Two others, non-editors, were beaten in a free-for-all. The Democrats have nominated U. C. Lundon, editor of the *Salina Union*, for governor.

Henry Ford's campaign for the United States senatorship from Michigan appears to be moving steadily on schedule, with all the lightning being done by his opponents, who are industriously digging ditches along the course to stall it.

Former Governor Ferris announces that he will not run, and endorses Ford's candidacy vigorously.

Uncle Joe Still With 'em

Uncle Joe Cannon is going strong for his 22nd term in Congress, which, if he gets it, will give him a record of 14 years' service in the lower House.

Former State Senator William M. Bennett has withdrawn from the Republican primary contest for the gubernatorial nomination in New York and has announced that he will throw his support to Lewis against Governor Whitman. Bennett will be the candidate for lieutenant-governor against the present incumbent, Edward S. Schoenck.

Both State Attorney General Morton Lewis and Bennett have issued strong attacks on Governor Whitman, but Lewis continues to direct his chief artillery against William Randolph Hearst, with a steady claim that Governor Whitman is a close friend of Hearst.

Governor Whitman and his supporters are very quiet, merely saying hardly anything. The Democrats are also so quiet that the daily mutual Lewis-Hearst compliments are so far the only outward signs that New York is having a State campaign at all.

Colonel Indorses Becker

The first sign came from Oyster Bay last week, when Colonel Roosevelt indorsed Alfred L. Becker, who is on Lewis's ticket for attorney general. The Colonel praised him for his work in exposing war conspiracies and German propaganda.

Senator Jacob H. Gallinger, Republican, 81 years of age and the oldest member of the United States Senate, has died, after 27 years in the upper House. As a consequence, New Hampshire will now elect two new Senators in November, because the term of the junior Senator, Henry P. Hollis, will expire in March.

Senator Hollis will probably not try for reelection, and the Republican candidates now are Governor Keys, former Governor Spaulding, George H. Moses, former minister to Greece, and Rosecrans W. Pillsbury, editor of the *Manchester Mirror*.

Charles Dick, former United States Senator from Ohio, has won the Republican nomination for Congress from the Akron district. Congressman Huddleston has won renomination in the Ninth District of Alabama, and Joseph W. Folk has won the United States Senatorial nomination in Missouri.

EVERYBODY SAFE? NO, NOT EXACTLY, BUT HOLDING ON

Continued from Page 1

that up till the preceding battalion was almost of him. When a little after 7, he finally left his post at the foot of the tree, it was no longer perilous and he left it to go forward with the bunch.

It seems he was not alone. When he ordered his men down the hill to the shelter of a kindly ditch, two of them continued on the spot. If he could stay there, so could they. Would they go? They'd be damned if they would. And they didn't. Shake hands with Corporal Donald Palmer and Private Edwin Pelkey.

One Meal in Three Days

That is one chapter in the Signal Corps history of the Terrible Brigade. How they held 40 kilometers of twisted pair in that adventurous week, how they laid the wires and then stubbornly kept them worked while the shrapnel tore at their work—that is an outline of their story.

Talk to any of the men who went through with it and they will tell you great tales. They may, as an afterthought, mention the detail that they were rained out from first to last, that for three days and nights they knew no sleep and had only one meal—some bread and fairly hot coffee.

Ask the lieutenant in charge and he will tell you that, out of his small detachment, he had one man killed and three men wounded. He will tell you that everything was simple enough for the greater part of the time, that they had covered until something happened. From where he was directing the signaling, he could not tell just what it was, but from the frantic reports that came back over the new laid wires, he gathered that each separate and individual doughboy must have found and mounted a motorcycle.

"There really was no other reasonable explanation," he said, "of the rate at which those fighting fools were going ahead."

THE WEEK'S D.S.C. AWARDS

2nd LIEUT. CARL C. RICE, M.G. Inf., near Chateau-Thierry, was wounded soon after the advance began, but refused to have his wound dressed for fear it would delay the advance. He continued the advance until he fell from exhaustion.

PVT. THEODORE PISTICOU, M.G. Inf., left his shelter near Chateau-Thierry in face of heavy shelling and rescued three infantrymen injured by a shell.

1st LIEUT. H. C. MOLESBERRY, Engrs., in the vicinity of Le Thiolet, northwest of Chateau-Thierry, directed the advance of an infantry unit when all his officers had been killed or wounded.

PVT. JEFFERSON HOLT and CHARLES RAFFINGTON, M.D. Engrs., exposed themselves to severe shelling through fire to aid wounded men.

1st LIEUT. CHARLES C. RENTFRO, Inf., for three days before St. Anjan, south of Marne, went without sleep in order to care for wounded and performed his work without shelter under continuous bombardment.

Tried to Catch Grenade

PVT. GEORGE W. HOLLY, Inf., near Baccarat, attempted to catch a hand grenade thrown into the window of his dugout by a German machine gun. He died of a severe wound to the head.

PVT. GUY C. HENDERSON, Inf., thrust himself into the line of fire under heavy shelling and rescued comrades who had been buried when a shell landed in their trench at St. Anjan.

1st LIEUT. H. A. ADAMS, Inf., near Bormen, voluntarily organized detachments of units other than his own and led them into effective combat, regardless of his personal safety.

2nd LIEUT. JAMES M. WILSON, Inf., returned under fire into enemy barbed wire, near Ammerzwiler, Alsace, to recover two of his patrol who were raising after a raid, and, though gravely wounded himself, brought them safely back.

WITNESSED GERMAN ASSAULTS

MAJ. GEORGE F. ROBBE and CAPT. CLARENCE E. HUBBARD, both of the 1st Cavalry, witnessed German assaults under heavy bombardment.

ISSUE GLASSES HERE TO BENEFIT TIRED A.E.F. EYES

Continued from Page 1

have made to filter out the glaring, eye-tiring lights of the spectrum, ground to the measurements that the military officers took at the time they gave that order to "army" shots, the shot of atropine or belladonna, at the same time they looked with their instruments into the eyes of the soldiers' eyes.

Skill and Patriotism

The making of soldiers' glasses is only one more of those accomplishments that make Uncle Sam's war effort. He didn't have much to start with, beyond professional skill and patriotism, when he began his war optical plans. The new time spectacles makers of the United States had fallen into the habit of using German optical glass, because it was good, but mostly because it was cheap. Some of them had bought from England. Optical glass wasn't made on a commercial scale in the States.

Optical glass requires a special sand, and a formula and special processes. A better spectacle was manufactured in the States than anywhere in the world, but even here supremacy was limited. Because even the polishing and grinding of the lenses depended on the use of an abrasive known as Turkish emery. And early in the war a boat loaded with emery, on its way to supply the spectacle makers of the States for several years and been lost.

But we had to have those glasses. American science and mechanics combined. Pittsburgh, Rochester and Corning, N. Y., proved what they had counted right along, that they could make optical glass as good as any, and of sand from the West. The polishers declared their independence of Turkish emery by substituting a member of the carborundum family. The aluminum frame and non-corrosive wire temples were designed to stand rough usage.

Eight Units at Work

Captain F. H. Edmunds of Washington organized and brought to France the first optical manufacturing unit. The men who are at work over the motor-driven grinding and polishing machines in the A.E.F. units were all drawn from the best of the manufacturers' benches back home.

There are now eight optical units attached to base hospitals and they are in charge of oculists ranking high in their profession. The number of these units is being increased.

At the side line the extra shop is supplying spectacles of dark glass for doughboys who have been gassed and those needing them after the injections of atropine or belladonna.

And there is another side-line, largely experimental so far. Men wearing glasses lose a few seconds jerking off the glasses before they jump into their gas masks. Many of these men have considerable difficulty in seeing without their glasses. So now gas masks are to be made with lenses ground to the wearers' needs. There are difficulties, but the optical men say they will be beaten.

Supplying Artificial Eyes

One of the most important jobs the optical men are handling is the supply of artificial eyes to the wounded. Thousands of eyes of all sizes, shapes and colors are in stock at the A.E.F. manufacturing plant. When an eye is required for a wounded man at a base hospital, an approximate description of the eye—the details of color, size and shape—is sent, and the optical men dispatch a selection of artificial eyes to the hospital. There a surgeon completes the work of matching and fitting the new eye. In some cases the wounded come to the plant to have the selection made there. In practically every case, it is almost impossible to identify the eye that has been fitted, for in color, motion and all it seems to correspond to the good eye opposite.

TO SPEED D.S.C. AWARDS

To do away with delay in making the award of the Distinguished Service Cross, caused by omission of necessary information on the recommendation, all commanders, sending in recommendations, are told by Bulletin 36, G.I.Q., that they must include the correct names and initials or given names of the persons recommended; the date and place where the act of heroism occurred; name of the next of kin of the proposed recipient wherever it is possible to obtain it; and a description of the act in question sufficient to show its "extraordinary heroism" and military value.

Division commanders are formally warned not to forward recommendations to G.I.Q. unless these papers comply with the bulletin's provisions.

NEW LEAVE AREA, EMERALD COAST, TO OPEN MONDAY

Continued from Page 1

things, as the birthplace of Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of the St. Lawrence river and the first white man to penetrate into Canada.

Diard and Parame are world famous resort towns, with a flock of annual visitors in peace times that include plenty of celebrities and many of the *grand monde* of Paris.

The excursion to Mont St. Michel will take the visitor to a sheer promontory of rock, crowned by an abbey, that rises out of the treacherous sands beneath. The tide here is so swift that the people in the village say that it runs "faster than galloping horses," and it is one of the sights of France, particularly when the influence of the new or full moon is most potent.

Size of Savole Area

The new leave area has not yet been strictly bounded, but it will be about as large as that in Savoie, which is about 40 miles long and 40 miles across, including the whole arrondissement of Chambéry.

So far, some 20,000 leave men have visited Aix and its surroundings, some of them on their second permissions. It is expected that the new area will prove equally popular. The two official areas now provide as much variety as any resorts in the States—mountains, lakes, seashores, just as you choose. And there are more to come.

Men on leave, instead of being allowed a flat rate of a dollar a day for rations, are credited for whatever amount the hotel to which they are assigned charges. Thus, if a man on leave, enjoying commutation of rations of a dollar a day, is somewhere under six francs' stops at a house where the meal charge is 15 francs a day, the Government pays the difference, charging it on his lodging account. The permissionaire, therefore, has only to provide himself with extra spending money. He never sees his hotel bill. This is going any summer resort anywhere else in the world one better.

Leave Spots for Short Stays

Leave spots for short stays of 24 hours or, in some cases, week ends, are now being provided. One for enlisted men has been established at Le Trez, where there is a chateau accommodating 75 men with excellent bathing facilities.

Officers are offered a short stay at St. Marguerite, in the same locality, where 30 men can be cared for and enjoy four courses at whatever they choose to pay for a hole. Part of the chateau of the Duc de Valency, in the department of Indre, will soon be ready to house 20 officers, and in about two weeks, through the efforts of the Y.M.C.A. and the Association of French Homes, a leave spot for officers will be opened in Orleans, near Pau, in the shadow of the Pyrenees.

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Continued from Page 1

masters at the rate of 40 every two months, and musically talented American masters at the rate of 100 every three months, will obtain technical musical instruction of the highest character. For the length of their scholastic term they will live together in the huge mill less than a mile from the town where G.I.Q. is located in a beautiful valley, which is bounded by French hills.

Officers and enlisted men will be housed in a building at night expense into school ideally adapted to the purpose. The conservatory plan will affect not only those soldiers who will study during the coming year, but a total of 10,000 Army band musicians.

By June 1st, returning to America, will remain in touch with the school and its operation, and expects to return to take an active personal part in its activities by February or March.

TURN IN YOUR CARS

Automobiles in the private possession of members of the A.E.F. and the number includes some back private cars are to be taken over by the United States, according to G.O. 130.

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As soon as the board's recommendations have been approved by the commander ordering the inquiry, the officer concerned will be relieved from assignment and sent direct to corps headquarters or to Blois. The board's proceedings will go through channels to the Adjutant General, A.E.F., and the officer will be notified personally by the commander ordering the change, or by his chief of staff, and given the reasons therefor.

Officers thus relieved at Blois will be reclassified and assigned to duty by the commanding general, S.O.S. If recommended for discharge, they will be held there, but not reclassified, awaiting further instructions from G.H.Q.

Men on leave, instead of being allowed a flat rate of a dollar a day for rations, are credited for whatever amount the hotel to which they are assigned charges. Thus, if a man on leave, enjoying commutation of rations of a dollar a day, is somewhere under six francs' stops at a house where the meal charge is 15 francs a day, the Government pays the difference, charging it on his lodging account. The permissionaire, therefore, has only to provide himself with extra spending money. He never sees his hotel bill. This is going any summer resort anywhere else in the world one better.

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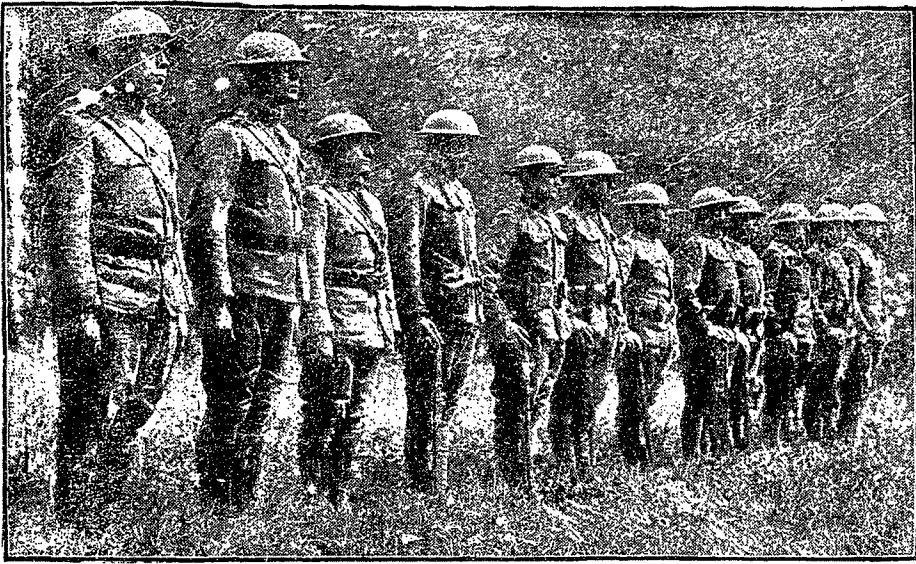
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THE YANKS WHOM KING GEORGE DECORATED



There were 19 in all. The other seven are in hospital. Left to right: 1st Lieut. Frank E. Schram, 2nd Lieut. Harry Yagle, 2nd Lieut. Michael M. Komorowski, Pvt. Harry Shelly, Sgt. Frank A. Kojane, Sgt. James E. Krum, Cpl. A. C. Shabinger, Cpl. Lester C. Whitson, Pvt. J. Sweredo, Pvt. F. E. Wilkins, Pvt. W. F. Linsky, Pvt. C. W. Kesne.

MASCOTS OF A.E.F. SHINE AT SCHOOL; 20 TAKE PRIZES

French Waifs Show Appreciation by Going Strong on Their Studies

462 NOW HAVE PARRAINS

Week's Adoption List of 13 Includes Two Calls for Seconds—Hospitals and Engineers Lead

TAKEN THIS WEEK	
Nurses Base Hospital No. 5.....	1
Hospital Train.....	1
Hqs. Motor Transport Corps.....	2
Dutch, A.P.O. 717.....	2
Company G.....	1
Machine Gun Battalion.....	1
Company D.....	1
Knights of Columbus, A.P.O. 711.....	1
Camp Hospital, England.....	1
Company C.....	1
Company B.....	1
Company A.....	1
Company E.....	1
Company F.....	1
Company H.....	1
Company I.....	1
Company J.....	1
Company K.....	1
Company L.....	1
Company M.....	1
Company N.....	1
Company O.....	1
Company P.....	1
Company Q.....	1
Company R.....	1
Company S.....	1
Company T.....	1
Company U.....	1
Company V.....	1
Company W.....	1
Company X.....	1
Company Y.....	1
Company Z.....	1
Previously adopted.....	449
Total.....	462

Of 43 STARS AND STRIPES war orphans recently visited by a representative of the American Red Cross, 20 have taken prizes at school, a direct result of the added interest life has had for them since their adoption by parrains in the A.E.F.

All of the 43 were tremendously proud of the distinction of being mascots of American units, and for a time they all considered it a privilege to be spoiled as a pet by their parrain, or girl can be. They are tremendously interested in their parrains, and it is well to advise the parrains right here that they can't write their mascots too often.

Most of the children, it goes without saying, are studying English, either the French or the English, and are doing well in passing. Like most of our French, or by serious application to the subject at school.

It is only one of a dozen indications of the fact that the contribution of 500 francs, little enough, perhaps, when you consider only its actual buying power, comes in terms of love and good will to a figure higher than any balance ever set down on the books of the Banque de France and the whole of Wall and Broad streets combined.

The Week's Adoptions
This week's total of 13 adoptions, bringing the whole number to 462, contains two requests for seconds. They come from the Nurses of Base Hospital No. 5 and from Company G, — Engrs.

"On July 20 this year we sent you a check for 500 francs for the adoption of a war orphan," writes the latter organization. "In reply would say that we were much pleased with being allotted a seven year old French girl, with long auburn hair and blue eyes, born on July 4, 1911. Whether they will play in such good luck on their new mascot, and get one that was born July 14, cannot be prophesied just yet."

Officers, nurses and enlisted personnel at the — Camp Hospital all chipped in to assemble their 500 francs, "without a single exception."

The Headquarters Motor Transport Corps Detachment at A.P.O. 717 wants its contribution to "do everything a thousand odd francs can do."

The — Hospital Train encloses 15 francs extra for pictures of the child adopted, to be distributed, if they can be had, among members of the organization.

HOW TO ADOPT AN ORPHAN

A company, detachment, or group of the A.E.F., agrees to adopt a child for a year, contributing 500 francs (\$87.72) for its support. The children will be either orphans, the children of French soldiers so seriously crippled that they cannot work, or refugees from the invaded districts, as specified by the adoption suits.

The money will be sent to THE STARS AND STRIPES to be turned over to a special committee of the American Red Cross for disbursement. At least 250 francs will be paid upon adoption and the remainder within four months thereafter.

Photographs and the history of each child will be sent to its adopting unit, which will be notified of the child's whereabouts and advised monthly of its progress. The Red Cross will determine the disposal of the child. It will be maintained in a French family or sent to a trade or agricultural school.

No restrictions are placed upon the methods by which money may be raised. Donations and communications regarding the children should be addressed: War Orphans' Department, THE STARS AND STRIPES, C2, A.E.F., 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France.

FAMOUS CHATEAU FOR A.E.F. OFFICERS

Regal Prison of Spanish Monarch to Be Used as Leave Club

GOLF LINKS, TENNIS COURTS

Estate of 9,000 Acres Is Turned Over to Y.M.C.A. by Present Duc de Valencay

"Fit for a king" is an expression often used to denote the last word in excellence. Bien! American officers in France are soon to be offered a chance to spend their leaves at a chateau that is not only up to the specifications of royalty but that actually was used as a residence for an extended period by a full-fledged monarch.

It is true the king did not select this chateau as his happy home. But he liked it so well that after he had been detained there seven years by order of Napoleon I, he had to resort to eviction proceedings to get him off the premises.

The king was Ferdinand VII of Spain, and the chateau is that of the Duc de Valencay, in the department of Indre. It seems that Napoleon, after garnering in his fellow monarch, handed him over to Prince de Talleyrand for safekeeping. The prince was at that time living in this chateau and took Ferdinand home with him, and boarded him for seven years.

When the time came for the king's sentence to expire, he had become so attached to the old homestead that he positively refused to leave until the Spaniards impressed upon him that his presence was badly needed in his own country.

Park of 9,000 Acres
The apartments formerly occupied by Ferdinand are still kept up, with all the magnificent furnishings that helped to make the place attractive to the proud Castilian. Visitors are able to view the rooms upon request, and it is the general verdict that amid such surroundings, a seven-year sentence was all too short.

Through the generosity of the present Duc de Valencay, the chateau, with its 9,000 acres of parks, is to be turned over to the American Y.M.C.A. to be used as a club for officers on short leave. It will be ready for the Americans by September 1. Officers on duty in the supply and training areas who wish to spend week-end, over-night and single day leaves will find it the ideal spot.

In addition to its attraction as the former abiding place of a genuine king, the chateau has many things to recommend it. There are facilities for golf and tennis. There will be an American hostess and American meals and various other things to make a Yankee officer feel at home. Madame la Baronne de Solheim, an American by birth and aunt of the Duc de Valencay, will be patroness.

100 I.W.W. LEADERS —GUILTY AS CHARGED

Chicago Cases Close Suddenly After Hearing of 138 Days

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Aug. 22.—One hundred leaders of the Industrial Workers of the World have been found guilty in Chicago on indictments charging them with violations of the espionage act, the selective service act and the conspiracy statutes.

The cases closed suddenly, after 138 days of hearing, during which the evidence included everything from strikes, sabotage and sedition to the philosophy of jury.

Jury Returns Within Hour
At the end, the defense elected to submit the case to the jury without a closing address, and to the great surprise of the defendants, the jury returned a verdict within one hour—"Guilty as charged."

Among the convicted leaders is William D. Haywood, general secretary and treasurer of the I.W.W. The maximum penalty is 27 years in prison and a fine of \$10,000.

Arguments for a new trial will be heard next week. The defendants are amazed, and say they expected a hung jury at the most.

TAX ON SUNDAYS LIKELY.
[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Aug. 22.—You can't tell a luxury until you pay for it. It looks now as if sodas, sundries and soft drinks were soon going to set the drug store back two cents extra per each as a luxury tax.

TWO SQUADS HOLD BRIDGE OVER VESLE

Falling Buildings Cover Platoon Three Times Before Yanks Charge

Three times they were covered up by falling buildings, and three times they dug themselves out, recovered their machine guns, set them up and turned the fire on the Germans, who sought with their artillery to stop the hail of bullets from the bridge that was being held by one platoon of American Infantry.

It was the bridge across the Vesle between Fismes and Fismettes that the two squads of Yanks, with the aid of four automatic rifles, held against all comers, the comers being two companies of Germans and about all the artillery the German Army could scrape up around the town of Fismes.

The lieutenant who was in command of Fismes at the time that town was captured from the Germans gave orders to a sergeant to take two squads and hold the bridge from the Germans until the Americans could cross in sufficient numbers to sweep down on Fismettes.

Shells Begin to Come
The squads took up their stand, and no sooner had they begun pouring lead in the German forces just beyond the bridge than the Boche artillery opened up on them.

Shells struck the buildings near them, roofs caved in and debris fell everywhere. Once the entire detail was covered up by a falling wall. The Yanks dug themselves out, and before the Germans could approach the bridge they had recovered their guns and taken up the fire again.

Twice more they were covered up, and twice again they dug out and took up their stand. The German forces arrived. Soon the Germans were beaten back and in the midst of a steady hail of shells the Yanks crossed the bridge and advanced on their own objective.

Of those who held the bridge, two were wounded.

WOULD ELECTRIFY ROADS

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Aug. 22.—Director General of Railroads McAdoo has announced that his recent journey through the United States and his observation of the nation's water-power resources have impressed him with the idea of electrifying the railroads of the whole country.

The Director General has just prohibited the sale of intoxicants in railroad station restaurants and dining cars.

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SEMI-READY-TO-WEAR TUNICS AND BREECHES A SPECIALITY

TOP HIS BROTHER, BUT THAT DIDN'T GET HIM ANYTHING

Not Until "Mother" Hogan Discovered the Kid's Body After the Fight

DOUBLE SCORE TO SETTLE

Henry Now Doing His Own Share and That of Brother Who Died on Transport

All six of the Hogan brothers from Neilsville, Wis., were in uniform before the war had run its course many months, but only two of them, Arthur, an old soldier who had served six hitches, and his kid brother, Otto, landed in the same regiment.

For a while after they reached France Otto was even in the company where Arthur, generally known as "Mother" Hogan, was top sergeant. His kinship to the amiable boss, a disciplinarian did not get him anything, as he found out the night he tried, in larky mood, to keep lights on in his billet after taps and, for his unruliness, was soundly thrashed by the top in full view of the deeply impressed company.

Then came an anxious August day when the first battalion was to lead a charge on a treacherous hill beyond the Ourcq and "Mother" Hogan, as top sergeant of headquarters company, had to stay behind, knowing what the day's work was and knowing, too, that the kid would be in the thick of it.

The chronicle of the battle, in the wake of the troops and, in the pouring rain, made his worried search from dead to dead. The search was not long. On the bridge of a German trench, where six of the enemy lay killed he found two boys of Company A. They had died crushed over their captured rifles. One of them was the kid.

Captain's Slicker as Shroud
It was the older brother who buried the younger on the field where he had fallen. Because there was no blanket at hand to serve as a shroud, the captain whipped off his own streaming slicker and wrapped the dead boy in that.

"The kid seems to have given a good account of himself," said "Mother" Hogan, and went back to his work. The chronicle of the battle, in the wake of the troops and, in the pouring rain, made his worried search from dead to dead. The search was not long. On the bridge of a German trench, where six of the enemy lay killed he found two boys of Company A. They had died crushed over their captured rifles. One of them was the kid.

"It means I must account for 20 Germans," Henry said at the graveside when they buried his brother in France. "We'd each agreed to kill ten of them."

At this point, he went determinedly to work. He progressed so marvelously as a rifleman that they made him a sniper and gave him free rein to wander where he would in the forefront of a fight.

In one contest, using a Springfield rifle with telescopic sights, he achieved 217 consecutive hits on a five-inch bull's eye at a distance of 300 yards, so there is small wonder that there were five carefully recorded notches in his gun when his outfit was summoned into the fight behind the Ourcq.

His pals said he had really killed seven. At last accounts, Corporal Rutledge had been too busy to set down his mounting score, but they say that when he gets round to it, he can add 11 new notches. He is not done yet.

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pany appearing in "Yes, Uncle!"
is the one that crowded the Gaiety
for three years. It was recently
transferred, lock, stock and barrel.

NOTE
"YES, UNCLE!" IS A GROSSMITH
and LAURILLARD Production.
A Grossmith and Laurillard production
is always worth while; and this
is worth remembering.

80,000 PRISONERS FIVE WEEKS' TOLL

French Strike New Blow—
British Attack North
of Ancre

The number of prisoners captured by the Allies in five weeks has passed the 80,000 mark. The returns are not all in.

The week ending Wednesday, August 21, saw no ebbing in the tide which set in on July 15 in favor of the Allies. Marshal Foch's manipulation of the initiative has known no slackening since the counter-offensive began on July 18. On Sunday and Tuesday of this week, the French, having completed the conquest of the Lassigny tableland, pushed forward suddenly between the Oise and the Aisne, gaining ground to a depth of six miles and adding more than 10,000 to the score of prisoners.

On Wednesday the British, attacking on a 10-mile front north of the Ancre, swept far forward into the 1916 battlefield of the Somme.

On the Vesle, still a disputed river, there was only the steady play of artillery. In the Vosges, the Americans improved their positions at several points, and captured the village of Frapelle.

The week brought the news that American troops, following British and Japanese contingents, had landed at Vladivostok and that friendly forces had captured Irkutsk.

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Minute Tapioca Company Orange, Mass.

From the
Minute Man of '76
to the Minute Men
of 1918 in France

COMRADES:
When we Continental Minute Men went out to fight at Paul
Revere's summons, one thing they didn't tell us was that we
were going to learn a lot from this thing and come back better
educated and with broader minds.

I suppose you fellows are pretty well fed up on that sort of
talk, even though you know it's true. It is like telling a girl she
will make some man a good wife. She knows it's true, but she
could murder any married woman who tells her so.

Well, you will know a lot more than a lot of the old fellows
who did not go to war, anyway. Maybe you know more before
you went away.

This story will illustrate what I mean. Two army officers
were making a practice night flight in a dirigible balloon. The
night was dark and windy, and a little after daybreak they fig-
ured out that they were somewhere in southern Indiana, but
were not sure just where.

So they flew low over a farm where an old chap was just going
out with his team,

The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces, authorized by the Commanding General, A.E.F.

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, 1918.

The net paid circulation of THE STARS AND STRIPES for the issue of August 16, 1918, was 183,539, an increase of 13,329 over the previous week.

THE FIRST ARMY

The First Army, A.E.F., has been formed. In other words, a great American combat force is in the field as an organized, unified operating mass.

What that means to those of our friends who have watched the detailed process of constructing the A.E.F. into a fighting organization with ample bases of supply—and ample supplies in them—and well-guarded lines of communication that stretch across three thousand miles of sea, all of us can, in some measure, realize, for it fills these, our friends with that same spirit of justifiable pride which it instills in us.

But what does it mean to Germany? Not mind, simply because we are Americans, but in the abstract, because we represent so much new Allied blood.

The German Government promised the German people that the decision would be reached in 1918. The reason for reaching a decision this year was based, as everybody in Germany knew, on the necessity for delivering the knock-out blow, by sheer weight of numbers, before the new Allied blood, represented, as it happened, by American troops, could be infused into her enemy's ranks.

Germany tried to reach that decision. She tried it before American units had become strong and coherent enough to be effective in the field. She tried it again. She tried it indirectly against Italy through the medium of Austrian troops. She tried it yet again in the west, this time being opposed by American troops in numbers sufficient to count.

Then the huge salient she had erected on the Marne was pricked and collapsed like a bubble. Then French and British dentists in the other great bulge that hung over Paris. Men and guns in vast quantities fell into Allied hands. But it was not only men and guns that Germany lost. She yielded to the Allies that priceless trump card of war, the initiative.

The creation of the First Army, then, means two things. It means that America has become a force to be counted upon, to be reckoned with. And as a natural corollary, it means that Germany, foiled in five months of bitter fighting, with only three good fighting months left before a winter sets in that will be grievous to her people, has not only not won the decision, but is no nearer to it than she was before.

Germany is not beaten, but never has she come so close to admitting in the words of her own mouth, that her defeat was not only possible but, unless 1918 could bring a decision, virtually certain.

THE MIDDLEMEN

Hereafter every article which the American Red Cross gives to members of the A.E.F., will bear the following seal: "Gift of the American people through the American Red Cross to those in service."

The Red Cross thereby states that it is only the middleman, the agent of the American people, who are the real givers, and the servant of the enlisted man.

So, too, are all those other societies—Y.M.C.A., K. of C., Salvation Army, any and all of them—which for want of a better title we group together and call relief organizations. (If someone can think of a better title, those societies and this newspaper would be greatly obliged.)

So, too, when it comes to that, are all the commissioned officers of the United States Army—the agents of the people, the servants of the enlisted man.

AUSTRIA

What is going on in Austria? The Allied High Command undoubtedly knows, so far as anybody can be said to know, for it is doubtful if Austria herself knows exactly whether she is drifting, or when and how she will get there.

There has been an Austrian "crisis" for months. It has been reflected in cabinet changes that have followed each other, smash upon smash, until even the young emperor must be hard put to it to remember who his prime minister is.

It is reflected in anti-German uprisings in Bohemia, bread riots in populous cities, daring words spoken in high places as well as on the street corners of Vienna.

Rarely has history shown such a scene of inward turmoil and conflict, of a nation at war within itself, considerably at odds with its ally, and very much at odds with the rest of the world. If it did not deserve everything that has happened to it, it would almost fill us with an emotion akin to the pity which

we feel towards an unconvertible drunk and lolling in a gutter.

For Austria is not innocent. She did try to back down when she saw that her intended rape of Serbia was not, after all, to be suffered unmolested. But she has been glad to go Germany's way. And she is still going Germany's way, for all the "crises" and all the woes on which she had not bargained.

Austria is still an enigma. But that enigma is to be solved in only one way—by beating her. Who beats her, and on what front, does not matter. If she is to be beaten from the inside, so much the better, but that is only something to be hoped for without in the least being counted upon.

MAN POWER

They said that the day of the individual in war was done, that the age of the hero was over, that in the struggle of the twentieth century only multitudinous masses counted or could even be discerned in the conflict, that, on the battlefields of the world, the opposing armies were but giant machines with each human an infinitesimal, inconsiderable cog. To those watching from 3,000 miles away, it seemed as if only the gallant chasseur pilots darting lonely across the perilous skies had inherited the glory that used to be.

All this they said, and more. It is not true.

Those so fortunate that their work takes them to the front know it is not true. They see that, in every branch of the service, from the chaplains to the men of the ration details, war today calls for—and receives—as much individual initiative, as shining a personal courage as ever the marvellous world saw at Thermopylae, at Balaklava, at Missionary Ridge. There every hour they see some man no one ever heard of before reveal a blazing display of high valor that lights up like some most potent flare the black night of war.

And this newspaper is doing some service if, by recording from time to time the passing of such gallant spirits as Captain Lehigh or Private Scott, it reminds all its friends behind the lines that the Yank and his brothers of the Allied Armies are no cogs, that on the Somme and the Vesle and the Piave this war is being fought—and won—by men.

THE BATTLE OF THE OURCO

Shortly after one triumphant but slightly soiled regiment came out of the line near the Ourcq, all but one final suit of underwear was drawn in the process of rehabilitation. Then, under a sheltering tree in a rain-drenched wood, the major leading one battalion was discovered in warm and unseasonably controversy with a private.

The bone of contention was the last precious pair of clean drawers. Who should have them?

The desirable drawers changed hands several times in the course of the argument. Those watching from a distance saw a good many impassioned gestures. They heard, we do not regret to say, some profanity.

Finally the major emerged victorious. The private got the drawers.

SPANKING THE CROWN PRINCE

Applying the Slipper of Civilization, the Allies have done their best through the last four years to make the German Crown Prince a fairly decent boy by spanking him at every opportunity.

They first laid him across their knee at the opening Battle of the Marne and administered one of the soundest spankings of all time. Later on, at Verdun, the Slipper of Civilization descended again with telling physical effect. In his last Marne drive, the Allies again let the slipper play a busy tattoo for the good of the world.

In spite of all this personal and extensive chastisement, the Crown Prince is one of those bad boys beyond reform. The Allies, by proper and constant application of the slipper, have done their best to make him fit to live with. But he is apparently beyond all reformation.

There seems to be nothing left to do except lift him gently by the scruff of his thin neck and drop him in his cell. There, back of the iron bars, he can still dream of an open road to Paris and the wine cellars of France until his keeper arrives and wakes him up to partake of his frugal meal.

LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE

The American boys are camped near us, and they are a fine lot of chaps. We got on tip-top with them. There are a lot of them attached to the New Zealanders, and you know what they brought up together, the New Zealanders and the Samis, they got on so well together. And take it from me, Max, they are the finest bunch of fellows you will ever see.

This tribute from a New Zealander at the front, contained in a letter to an English friend, disproves the adage that his enemies never hear good of themselves. Of course, we have the friend's permission to listen and to reproduce one of the finest little compliments the A.E.F. has had to date.

It is so obviously sincere, genuine, heartfelt and enthusiastic that, just this once, we are willing to forgive the writer for calling us Samis.

BEATING HISTORY TO IT

The Declaration of Independence was signed on July 4, 1776.

The German army began the invasion of Belgium on August 2, 1914.

The Lusitania was torpedoed on May 7, 1915.

The United States declared war on Germany on April 6, 1917.

These dates are given not because they may have any special connection one with the other, not as a lesson in history, not to settle a bet between A and B.

They are given for the benefit of anyone wearing more than two service chevrons. They are given for the very special and particular benefit of a member of the A.E.F. who was seen the other day wearing six service chevrons.

Perhaps he is celebrating the surrender of German Southwest Africa, or the capture of Grandis by the Italians, or the evacuation of Prazmyst by the Russians. We see by our war diary that all those things occurred around three years ago.

The Army's Poets

PEACE

They cry for peace who never saw the red,
Warm, flowing blood of our soldiers bleed.
Whose flabby limbs have yet to feel
The tearing thrust of pagan steel—
They cry for peace!

They cry for peace whose eyes shall never
The tortured remnants of a wounded man,
Whose sluggish minds can never know
The covering thing that dealt the blow—
They cry for peace!

They cry for peace who have not seen the
Curse,
The Burning Cross, the Child, the Church,
The Nurse,
Their bodies have not borne the yoke,
And yet, of all who live, they spoke—
And cried for peace!

They cried for peace, while here our soldiers
Upon the sacred soil of France, beloved land,
And thunder, while they fight and fall,
"Yanks! Give them Hell!" till comes our call
Of Victory—and Peace!

L. T. S.

AN AVIATOR'S PRAYER

I leave the earth and take to wing,
And soar aloft in spiral flight;
The while I hear the angels sing,
And see afar celestial light.

For Thee, O God, I mount on high,
By aid of swift propeller blade,
Guide Thou my course until I die,
Embarked on this supreme crusade.
Chaplain Thomas F. Oakley.

THE "X" X

Once was a German raider and many I sent
To death.
For I strangled the weak in the darkness, with
Never a chance for breath.
They called me the "X" and, needless, I
Slaved for the Hun.

But, Lord, since I've been converted, I'm
Ashamed of the things I've done.
Once I was gray as a bound of hell, as I slunk
O'er the white-capped main.
But now, in my garb of blue and white, they'd
Never know me again.

I remind myself of a sinner who's taken to
Wearing a harp
In robes of peerly splendor (St. Peter's weaver
and warp).
Even my guns are camouflaged, cloud white
and blue, sky blue.

I'm rather proud of my get-up, and I even
Speak French, "entre nous."
So, freighted with boys in khaki, with the
Stars and Stripes at my peak,
I watch for the pup's position and a chance
For my guns to speak.

J. P. H., Hq. Div.

KEEP SMILING

There's many a weary heart tonight,
There's many a lone soul.

There's many a pal who longs for his gal
While playing the soldier role.
There's many a service flag flying,
There's many a vacant chair.

There's many a mother who prays for the other
As he mixes it up "Over There."

The home town is not the same old town
Since we fellows have all sailed away:
The old corner bar is finished by far,
Our absence does not make it pay.

There's no one to buy your old best gal,
There's no one to buy your old best gal—
They've drafted all those who would try—
And daddy, old sport, has been holding the fort
Since the day we all bid them goodbye.

There's many a party awaits us
When we finish our job over here;
There's many in G.I. from general to K.P.,
Who'll shout and cheer and cheer and cheer,
But, meanwhile, let's all keep on grinning,
Till we've baffled the Hun across the Rhine;
Then we'll roll up our packs and make for the
Bound homeward in double-quick time.

R. V. Brady

THE FLIES OF FRANCE

We tried 'em out on sulphur, but they seemed
To like the smoke,
And they buzzed around and brought back
Millions more.

We mixed 'em up some sugar and formalin,
Hydro and lye,
But they buzzed up—marked "Lunch Room"
on our door.

We got some Red Cross netting, didn't have to
pay a cent,
And looked it over every hole and crack;
Two pulled apart the threads and let the rest
come sailing through.

We're still looking for the hole to chase them
back.
They're affectionate and friendly, they like to
stick around.

In your stable, billet, kitchen, office, mess;
They know no union holes—if you think they'll
let you sleep,
You're sort of S.O.L.—you miss your guess.

When you crawl into your bunk and pull your
blankets round your head,
And say your "Now I lay me down to sleep,"
You think you feel a cozy walkin' post along
your spine.

It's a fly that just came in to take a peep.
They make dugouts in your sugar, perish nobody
in your meat.

Every meal you drink your cafe a la mouchie;
When you open up the jam pot, they come
buzzing round de suite.

And you wish you had an anti-fly cartouche.
Some day when we go sailing home—way off
in the haze and haze,
We'll all remember France for here ever-present
fly—
"Doggone the luck, they're pestering me yet!"
Alister K. Alexander, 2nd Lt.

INES ON HEARING A SONG

Beloved, in the midst of battle,
With bombing planes my head above,
Often I think of something that'll
Delight thee, love.

Up at the front, near Hunnish holdout,
Often I dream of thee, I find,
Where war and love are joined,
No more of this, no more of that—
out of my mind.

A dozen times, perhaps, per diem,
The vision flashes with its light.
For instance, at the dear old Y.M.
C.A. last night.

A woman sang, . . . It was the song that
Thou sangest the night I left thee. Oh
My love, how long, alas! how long that
Has been ago!

And all my thoughts began returning
To days ever ever I set sail.
It was a song, I think, concerning
The nightingale.

And as she sang I saw thy vision
Here at the grim and grisly front,
And—may I speak with some precision?
May I be blunt?

She sang, . . . and thou were not forgotten,
Though absent from my bed and board,
She sang, . . . and then I knew how rotten
Thou must have been.

Thou sangest that song,
Franklin P. Adams, Capt., N.A.

MY PAL

We were pals away back home, and when the
first call came,
We chucked our jobs together just to get into
the game.

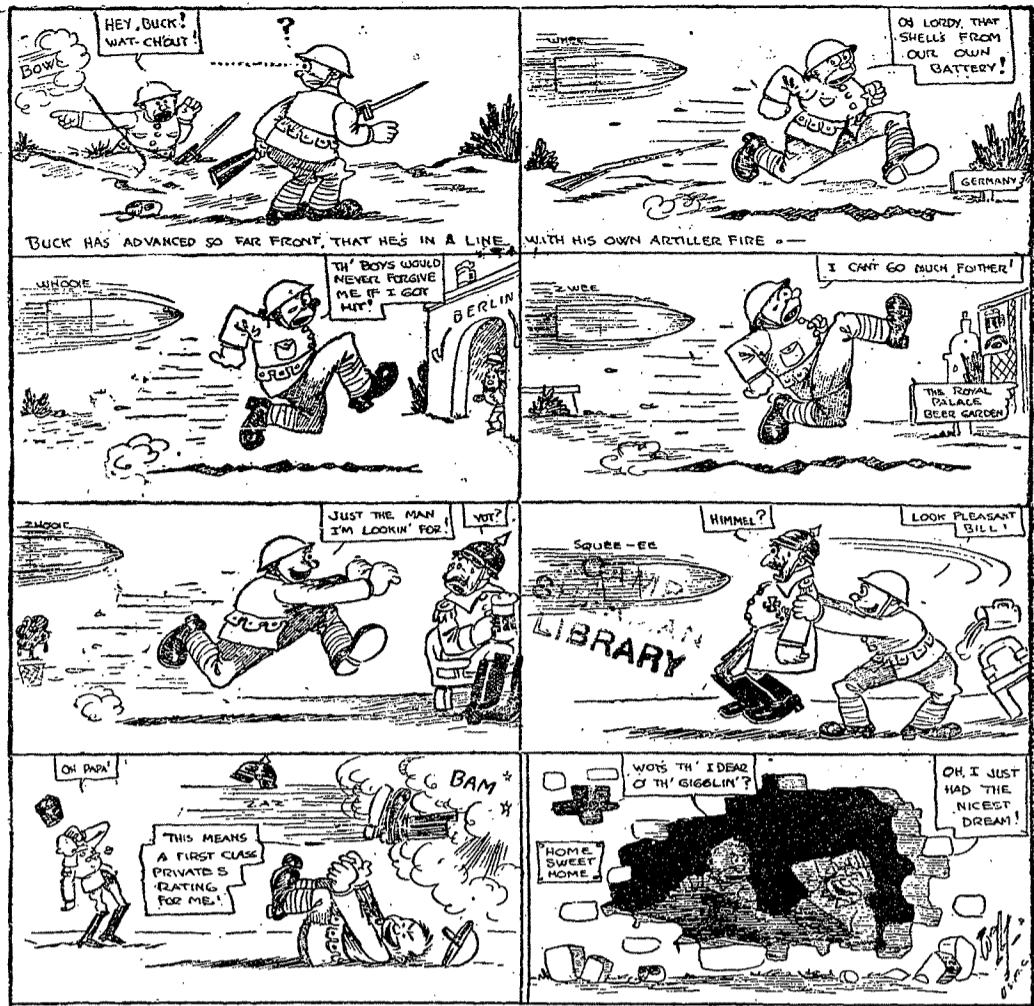
We was my bunkie; back at camp
On many a day, my pal,
We planned the day when we would wrinkle a
claim.

It was great to fight beside him; with a terri-
fying yell,
As the shrapnel fell like rain, he'd shout, "Now,
give 'em hell!"

Steady there, my pal, stick to it, bo.
That's the way, stick to it, bo.
But a sniper picked him off one day—he fell.

He's still my pal; as I fight on, I know that he
is by.
And ever does he urge me on; again I hear his
cry.
"Get 'em, Bud, now give 'em hell!"
Once more the old familiar yell—
My pal is watching, guiding, from his place on
high.
Pvt. Frank Eisenberg, Tel. En.

A PLEASANT DREAM



ITALY AMONG US

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

As a newspaper worker temporarily engaged in another occupation, let me express my appreciation, both from a technical and patriotic standpoint, of the paper you are putting out. Particularly, let me express my approval in regard to your decision to limit, or eliminate, rather, the story page. I think the papers' back home would do well to follow your example.

I did not take part in the big push, as I was zassed the morning of July 15. But my company did.

Let me say, Mr. Editor, that some of the bravest and best soldiers in this Army, of the country, Dr. John R. Mort and Mr. George W. Perkins addressed great meetings, attended by the most influential men of the country, gathered at Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Antonio, Atlanta, Boston and New York. I quote the following paragraphs from Dr. Mort's speech, delivered at Chicago:

Right here let me say that I resent many insinuations and charges which I have seen and heard with reference to our American Army. I know that Army. I have seen thousands of its members. I know that Army. I know that there has been no army like this American Army.

I was talking with the provost marshal in one of the unnamed ports. He said to me that among the eight thousand men he had landed in the previous week and had passed through port, he gathered only three bottles. In all these crowded weeks that I spent on the other side, I did not see one drunken American soldier or sailor!

I little later I was having luncheon with (name withheld), and he volunteered the remark, not uttered for by any statement of my own; he said:

"Mr. Mort, I honestly believe there never has been an army averaging higher in character and efficiency, going forward on a more important and animated by a more unselfish spirit and higher ideals."

In an article by a prominent Y man who spent six months at the western front, the author says:

I had an interview with Bishop Brent and he said: "I have been in France many months, traveling all over France, and I have seen little vice and no drunkenness."

Bishop Brent gave me permission to say: "I have been here in France more than a year now and in all that time, although I have traveled all over France, I have not seen one drunken soldier."

Testimony of this sort is brought back by practically every Y.M.C.A. man who returns from the other side, and our organization is proud to be the channel through which such reports are transmitted to the American people.

Bruce Ramon,
Chairman, Publicity Committee,
National War Work Council
of the Y.M.C.A.

New York, July 23, 1918.

HOW WE BEHAVE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Your editorial about the forthcoming Y.M.C.A. drive hits the nail on the head, and you may be sure it is appreciated by all of us on this side.

It will interest you to know the kind of reports about the A.E.F., which the Y.M.C.A. is circulating over here. In a recent tour of the country, Dr. John R. Mort and Mr. George W. Perkins addressed great meetings, attended by the most influential men of the country, gathered at Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Antonio, Atlanta, Boston and New York. I quote the following paragraphs from Dr. Mort's speech, delivered at Chicago:

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New York, July 23, 1918.

A MOVIE SUGGESTION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

At a recent movie night in a Y, but the writer's attention was called to the unusual interest displayed in movies of an educational character.

Soldiers from the States are arriving at this camp weekly and those of us who are spending one or two service stripes have noticed a woeful lack of knowledge regarding

WHY WE SAY "BOCHE"

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Why are the Germans called Boches?

Long before the United States entered the war, I asked a German of my acquaintance in an American city that question. He replied very gravely that it was a "fighting name," equivalent to the very worst name one can call another in America, and that since the French seemed to have forgotten the origin, the German people were not disposed to recall it for the benefit of literary people, but they would revenge themselves just the same for the insulting epithet.

He added that his father had been an officer in the German army during the occupation of Paris in the war of 1870-71, and had told him about it. I could get nothing more out of him.

When we finally got into the war I became more curious as to the origin of the name and asked numbers of people in England, told of whom merely shrugged their shoulders, and said it was a term always applied to Germans and everything German. That standard of classified knowledge in France, Petit Larousse, says it was probably derived from a German word, *Alboche*, meaning a dull witted, heavy sort of man.

Finally, I was piloted with a Frenchman who possessed an encyclopedic dictionary, with a date showing that his edition was printed in the early '80's. Him I asked and he looked up the word, finding that it was "Parisian slang for 'libertine'."

This got us both interested and we visited an old French officer, who told me that the word *boche* is not a French word, but that the word is derived from the French word *bambouche*, which indicates a man of rather loose habits, as shown in Elwell's Dictionary: *bambouche*, meaning a loose fellow. In Cassell's New French Dictionary, *bambouche* is defined as "libertine."

However, a number of Frenchmen have told me that the word *boche* is a "fighting name," and that it is a term always applied to Germans and everything German. That standard of classified knowledge in France, Petit Larousse, says it was probably derived from a German word, *Alboche*, meaning a dull witted, heavy sort of man.

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HERE AND THERE IN THE S.O.S.

The French in the S.O.S. region have a delicious sense of linguistic values. Witness this sign in the window of a restaurant patronized by British and Yank toilers at two nearby depots:

"English spoken.
American understood."

The picturesque conical straw hat of the Annamites, the French Orientals, has been replaced—but you wouldn't know the difference unless you looked closely.

When the Annamites came to France to work in the common cause with the men of most of the other races of the earth, they more or less willingly made certain compromises in favor of Occidental dress, but they clung to their straw hats. The fact that every succeeding rain wilted and virtually destroyed the hat mattered not. It mattered to the French Quarter Master Corps, however, which had undertaken to keep the Annamites stocked with wearing apparel. There were visions of a big fraction of the revenue of France going for straw hats, Oriental style, until the difficulty was solved.

The hats of the Annamites are still the same shape and the same color as ever, but instead of straw, they are made of a light canvas which sheds rain and sunshine with equal facility.

He came from Georgia, so he did, and his job was unloading Q.M. stores at a certain big depot in the S.O.S. It was noon and he was, on his own confession, "pow'ful fat-lad" but none the less willing to talk about his work.

"Jah lah!" he exclaimed, wiping the sweat from his shiny brow. "Nothin' 'fun nothin' to nah't but totin' stuff to soldiersmen to eat. Towd, boss, you never does see so much vittles stacked up in yo' lair' as we done got in dat dere shaid."

"Boss," who was only a doughboy back from hospital on his way to a classification camp, thought it sounded interesting.

"What kind of cats you been stackin' up there, Sam?" he asked.

"Lowdy!" exclaimed Sam. "What kind ob cats *ain't* we got stacked up 'sawt you mean? Dey's bacon—tunn—bacons, an' ham-braid, an' bacon an' beans, an' calmed tomatoes, an' beans, an' bacon an'—"

"Good grief!" shouted the doughboy. "The same old stuff?" And with that he fled.

You might think they were little roadside shrines, all beaded over on top of their four supporting poles. There is one in front of almost every barracks building in the S.O.S. On closer inspection, though, you see that while not exactly shrines of religion, they are shrines of temperance. For, suspended under each one of those eafy canopies, is the O.D. colorated water bottle better known as the Carrio Nation Coo.

They are awfully strict about the use of colorated water down in the flat lands upon which many of the big camps in the S.O.S. are perched; they have to be and that is why the Coo is tended so carefully, kept cool in her sylvan grove, and all the rest.

Through the A.E.F. generally, by the way, a lot of work is being done toward the purification of the water supply, the Medical and Engineer departments collaborating with that end in view. A branch of the water supply service of the Engineer department has been established for the laboratory examination of water supplies, and for sanitary sanitation work. Part of the personnel for this branch is drawn from the Sanitary Corps of the Medical Department. The laboratory work is done in Medical Department or mobile laboratories.

One of the assistants to the Division of Sanitary Inspectors is charged with the supervision, handling and treatment of water beyond the authorized "water points" at the front, the care of containers, and so forth; so that the water finally used by the troops shall be safe.

An Aero Squadron in camp at the Aviation Instruction Center bids fair to give the famous Marine Zoo up in the Château-Thierry region a run for its money, if its stock keeps growing and the interest of its members in the gentle study of natural history does not die down. True, the aero lair's compound does not boast a real ant-eater, as does the Marines' corral, nor has it as many stray little refugee dogs; but what it lacks in those particulars it makes up in rabbits and a real live baby wild boar.

The boar is a real one, with an elongated snout and no jaw to speak of—much after the fashion of the Crown Prince's physiognomy. His hairy, dun-colored hide is relieved by stripes of a lighter hue till, seen in eerie twilight, he much resembles an animated Navajo blanket. He is kind and gentle, minds his own business rooting around at the end of his rope all day, and has but one vice—that of snorting continually like a freight hauler sleeping soundly after a hard day in the yards.

And his name? Really, this is a family paper; but still, if you insist on knowing—It's Loney. As to whether or not he lives up to his name—well, ask his orderly: he's got one.

They were sitting around in the room wherein the company barber holds forth, in a camp not so very far removed from the seashore, where the old, coming out of hospitals, and the new, coming out of transports, frequently meet. After the immemorial custom of chatting the man in the chair had been duly observed, the "nexts" started chaffing each other.

Over in a corner a shy young second lieutenant sat, not taking very much part in the chaffing. (Yes, reader, there is a new issue of shy young second lieutenants; have you got yours yet?) The old-timers, pausing in their fun, sought to include him in the conversation.

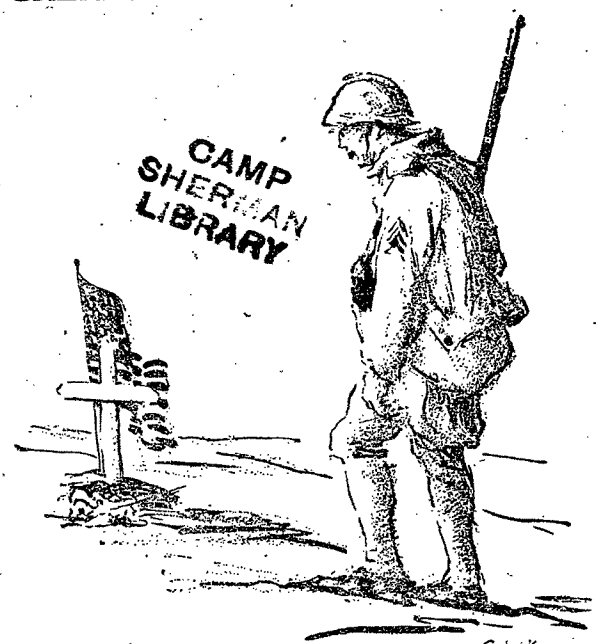
"You've just come over, haven't you?" ventured one of the two-strippers, with kindly inflection.

"Oh, no, sir," protested the S.Y.S.L., bristling in an instant. "I've been over here two weeks!"

Of all scientific and mechanical products which make war possible, none is more important than tin. You might conceive of a big scale war without gas, or airplanes, or a lot of other things, but you couldn't conceive of one without tin. A big fraction of the vast supply of food and medical supplies for the A.E.F. come in tin cans, and it would be impracticable if not impossible to handle most of it in any other kind of a container. On the docks at the base ports and in storage warehouses are stored literally millions of cans containing myriad articles.

Some day some one ought to write a poetic tribute to the old tin can—it has got it coming.

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN—



HENRY'S PAL TO HENRY

DEMONSTRATING THAT A BILLET IS A BILLET EVEN THOUGH IT HAS TO BE LABELLED

Le front,
18 Aout, dees nerf—dees wheat.
Bonjour Henry: How do you like my French Henry. Ain't I a bear cat. I can speak the language fluently now. If I keep on learning French as fast as I can now maybe I'll be far enough along by the time the war finishes so that I can start a French class in back of J. C. Billings office down by the post office when I get home. I bet I could make Miss Hope who teaches the French class at the high school look sick when it comes to parlying French.

Well Henry I'm finished with the mule skinner's forever. It's a mighty good thing I am too I guess because they got old Hardballed back from the Germans the day before I left and that's one mule I'd a killed without having any hard feelings in my heart. I left the outfit yesterday and went back to my own co. of doughboys who are going to the lines foot sweet and I guess maybe I'll have another chance to get all them Boches I got to get yet.

We are leaving eis swa for a petit town up by the front where we are going to rest up for a few days so's we can give Fritz hell right off the bat. It's a nice place where we are going and I'm going to do a lot of sleeping because I got a hunch I'd better get ahead on it so's I won't get so far behind after I get to chasing Boches. Goodbye Henry.
S. T. B.

France, Aug. 20, 1918.
Dear Henry: Well Henry if you was trying to sleep some and a cow come along and licked you in the snucker and you woke up would you say nice cow etc. and put her on the neck and a lot of things like that.

Henry we got up here last night and since then there's been enough things happened to me so that if I was home in Erie City and had the same things happen to me there I'd have old lawyer Taylor fixing up enough supenies to last the sheriff 2 wks. I been insulted right and left by nothing more than common barnyard animals Henry.

Last night when we got here one of these birds with a red band round his sleeve came out in front of the co. and says we are going into clean billets and that he wants us to take care of them while we're here Henry and see to it that they are cleaned up every day.

All right Henry that was fine. I begin to think how nice and quiet it would be in one of these billets and of how much sleeping I would do.

Well Henry this bird headed us down the street and at every billet we'd come to he'd halt us and run a bunch in. I had my grims on one billet where a pretty mademoiselle was looking out of a second story window, but I was too far down the line to get it so I started to sneak up along the line of file closets when a sergeant who I guess was watching the same billet saw me and I had to beat it back too sweet.

Well we started out and halted again and this bird who seems to think he owns the whole burg run us through a barn door. On the wall was printed biller 35—35 men. We got inside Henry and I start looking round for something that looks like a billet. Where is it I says. Oh sleep anywhere here this wise bird says, and beats it.

Well Henry I slept in places where this billiting bird would freeze to death and maybe catch pneumonia. But what I don't mind that much Henry. But what I don't like about the deal is this bird's idea of a billet. Why in hell didn't he say we was going to sleep on a barn floor and not disappoint a guy like that.

Well Henry I went to sleep on the floor. It was kind of dark in there and I couldn't see just where I was sleeping. About 2 p.m. an old cow come in and laid down long side of me. She'd been out to a lawn party maybe I guess and was kind of late about making camp. But I didn't mind her coming in late if she'd left her could she kept chewing the cud. It made me hungry to listen to her Henry.

When I woke up about this a.m. Henry there was one of them long haired goats that they milk laying on the foot of my bed. There was another guy sleeping on top of me from where the cow slept and long side of him was a fat old echone which is French for hog Henry.

After breakfast I went down to get some more sleep and a little while ago the owner of the place come in and starts making false motions at me like as if he's going to start an offensive or something and throw me out on my ear. Pretty soon I made out that he's going to unload a cartful of hay into the lot and that if I don't get out the horse will walk all over my stummock. So I rolled up my blankets and here I am out here back of the henhouse or duckhouse or something writing to you. This is some war Henry. Goodbye Henry.
S. T. B.

France, Aug. 21st, 1918.
Dear pal Henry: Well Henry I moved into another compartment last night and this morning when I woke up there was a girl milking a cow not 2 ft. from where I was sleeping. I thought I was in a place where not even the Top himself could find me but I guess my liaison was sort of on the blink and I didn't get

BULLETS RIP TENTS, NURSES KEEP POSTS

Women Are Dragged from
Side of Wounded in
Bombardment

The conduct of 30 American nurses, members of a mobile field hospital and several operating teams, who during the Second Battle of the Marne remained at their posts of duty through several hours of severe shelling and two air raids, in one of which Boche aviators turned their machine guns on the ward tents, is praised in a letter from the Medical Officer of the division to which they were attached to the Chief Surgeon, A.E.F.

At the same time it is disclosed that the Red Cross hospital at Jully was not the only one which the Huns ruthlessly and deliberately attacked in their offensive of July 15.

At 12:10 a.m. on the morning of the artillery attack on the hospital, shells began falling within a few hundred feet of it. At 3:20 a.m. the Germans changed the range and several shells passed directly over the operating building, bursting 150 feet behind it.

Nurses Ordered to Safety
Shortly after 3 o'clock the 30 nurses were ordered into bomb proof shelters. They had to be dragged from the side of the wounded they were attending to safety.

At 8 a.m., when a shell struck a ward building, killing one wounded soldier, they insisted upon being allowed to succor the other wounded. At 6:30 o'clock, oblivious to the shells which continued to explode near them, they assisted in getting the patients started to another mobile hospital hastily erected a few miles back.

The nurses took up their posts at the second hospital and the second night they were there hostile aviators dropped two bombs within a few rods of the hospital, ignoring the Red Cross markings, which were plainly visible.

On the following night, Hun aviators again attacked the hospital, and failing by a matter of yards to make a direct hit on any of the ward tents, one of them flew low and emptied his machine gun at them.

LANK HANK GOWDY GRINS AS OF YORE

Catcher Finds Fritz Noisier
and Meaner Than Old
Time Pitchers

Here he came, swinging down the road just back of the lines with the same old grin. He had been under fire, he had been hard at it for some time past in the big push, but the old grin and the same old gauging gait were still there.

War had been unable to change Lank Hank Gowdy from the old Lank Hank of baseball days.

"This game over here is all right," said Hank, "but for a steady job all the rest of my life, I guess I'll take baseball. We are going to see this one through to a finish till the winning run goes over in the ninth, but after that I don't mind admitting I'll be ready to change the gas mask for the catcher's mask and to take my chance against Walter Johnson's fast one rather than one of the fast ones from Fritz."

"At that, Fritz hasn't got much more speed than Walter has and no better control. But he's noisier and meaner, and I guess we'll have to drive him from the box, or help in doing it. Fritz won't follow the rules and he wants to do his own umpiring, but we've been landing on him lately and he's about given up hope for any lucky seventh. He had a rally going, but he couldn't keep it up."

Lank Hank looks just as he did in the old days. His uniform isn't the same color or shape and neither is the mask he wears, but the change hasn't affected that world-embracing grin nor the cheery call along the road.

MAPS FOR ALL FRONTS

Plans, Guides & Aeronautic Maps
FOR
American Officers and Soldiers
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BOCHE "AT HOME" RUDELY SPOILED BY YANK GUNNERS

French Villages and German Occupants Blasted Clean Off Map

EVERY HOUSE IS HIT ONCE

But Perhaps the Captain Meant Twenty Times—And a Few More, Too

Through various towns and villages from Chateau-Thierry on beyond Serres for many weeks past the German Army had made itself at home.

These various villages had a double appeal as old homesteads for the German hosts. To begin with, they are located in one of the most beautiful sections of France, where the Boche could watch the morning sun and the gray twilight swing out across valleys and hills not to be surpassed for color and sweep. In the second place, these villages offered something more than the mere comforts of home. They offered shelter and safety from any hostile battery. So up to the last fortnight it had been the German custom, when under fire, to seek cover in the nearest village, knowing that the French, with their offensive not yet ready, naturally had no desire to shoot up and destroy their own homes and firesides. At that date the French were planning no sudden advance, so there was little to be gained by destroying a French town when that location was not yet ready for an assault.

Simple German Calculation
The German has a most methodical mind. He is a great believer in habit and custom. Since no one had been shooting up the towns where he was claiming refuge from gunfire, he began to believe that no one ever would. It was all very simple. Here was a happy home and a sheltered harbor always within a jump or two when trouble started. When the guns opened fire on the fields or woods, the German had his haven for shelter right at hand. But now, from Chateau-Thierry on beyond, there is a line of battered, shattered and demolished French villages that day by day were cluttered with German dead. These villages told a story of shattered dreams. The Boche had forgotten, in his calculations, that some day the French and Americans might desire to launch an offensive of their own, and when this moment arrived no move would be overlooked in driving the German back. So, on a certain day, with the Boche scattered in the fields and woods around Vanx, the usual and casual shell or two fell around his outlying positions. There was also the usual and hurried rush by every German in the vicinity towards the safety and shelter of French walls.

On to Next Village
Whereupon, something happened. In place of desisting for the day, a line of Yankee batteries, all poised and primed, waited for the signal announcing that German detachments were concentrated in the town. The second this signal arrived, a mighty blast followed from every variety of gun at hand, big and little, and almost before the line knew that he had been double-crossed, his dead and dying were resting under shattered walls and battered stone.

Still uncertain as to what had taken place, the Germans took the startled remnant left and hustled briskly on to the next village, where they related all phenomena of their mates, who gathered around to hear the cause of their retreat.

While considerable disgust, according to prisoners, was expressed over the action of the Americans for their conduct in shelling a French town that had almost seemed like home to the Hun. American Artillery, orienting officers were busy engaged in locating the exact co-ordinates of the second town for the next fusillade, while American guns were coming into position.

While the German party and debate was at its height, another series of crashing blasts followed and another French village was soon a wreck of demolished walls and German slain.

It was after this second gunfire episode from American batteries that the Hun finally decided the old days were over. He understood then that the first artillery blast was not an accident or a mistake, but a deliberate effort to chase him out of his French shelter, even if the shelter had to be pulverized in the process of things. It was sad news for the German to know that due to the "unsportsmanlike" American, he was no longer safe and sound under French roofs.

Boche Changes Plan
After this, the Boche changed his plans slightly. He no longer attempted any concentration of men in the various villages along his retreat, but left rear-guard parties with machine guns to wipe out any infantry advance. The machine gun detachments, now with the same fate. It was only when the infantry, with its way blasted ahead for several kilometers, rushed forward faster than the guns could travel over the wet, heavy roads that the Artillery was unable to continue the same assistance.

In one town that we came to, remarked an Artillery captain, "we found ten Huns and two machine guns imprisoned under battered walls. They had been waiting to shoot up our infantry, but a rain of big shells soon put an end to this pleasant dream. None of them was badly injured, but not one was able to dig his way out in time to escape."

It was this shift in tactics that accounts for a long line of destroyed French villages between Chateau-Thierry and Serres—villages as completely destroyed as if each house had been dynamited with a double charge.

"We hit every house in this town at least once," reported a Yankee brigade commander. Which is probably the most conservative statement of the war. If he had said, "We hit every house in this town at least 20 times," he would still have been shy eight or ten on the count.

ORDNANCE MEN HELP OUT
There is an Ordnance office not many miles from a certain hospital where, by some mischance, everybody does not smoke. But the non-smokers draw their tobacco ration just the same. A few days ago a little group from the office arrived at the hospital and distributed at least a hundred sacks of tobacco to many patients.

In fact, there was so much tobacco in the lot that it is hard to believe that just non-smokers contributed it all.

THREE HUN PRIVATES IN YANK HORSE DEAL
Stallion With Mean Eye Strikes Blow for Cause of Allies

POILU FIGURES IN BARGAIN
And the Eight Chevaux Get Loaded Even if a Report Does Have to Be Made Out

If you were out in the wilderness of France all alone with eight stallions and three big buck privates of the German army and your task was to transport the stallions to a far distant supply depot with no one else to help you but the three big Boches, what in this wide world would you do?

It happened the other day. It happened to a private of the A.E.F. This private is on the roster of a certain F.A. outfit who solemnly swear that their present duty is to take care of all the horses bought in France by and for the A.E.F. Many details go out daily to fetch in horses from all parts of France.

It so happened that the private in question was detailed to fetch into a certain depot via rail eight horses that had been bought the day before. Arriving at his destination, he sought out the same six which were billed his eight chevaux. He discovered that they were all he chevaux and that one of them had a bad look in his left eye. He disregarded this, however, and soon was riding the one with the bad eye and leading the other seven.

Loading Problem Next
The chevaux were yet to be loaded on a car. Just how he was to accomplish this alone the private knew not.

While he was wondering just how he should go about it, there came along the road a French buck private with three loaded buck privates. This was quite a conglomeration of buck privates; there were enough of them to load on the chevaux, the private of the A.E.F. realized, and immediately he went into action.

"Gambien poor he two prisoners?" he inquired of the polu.

Just how much he paid out in cigars, no one seems to know. But the transaction was completed and the American took charge of his newly acquired property, the polu going his way, doubtless feeling that he had bested his brother Yank in a rather shady deal.

The American private could speak a few German, but he made known his wants and waved his left over his head. Immediately there was action. The Boches set to work loading the horses.

Putting Fritz to Sleep
The last cheval was just being loaded. It was the one with the bad eye, when something happened. Old Fritz, who had been out and planted his rear left foot in Fritz's eye and Fritz went to sleep.

The American private and the remaining two Boches finished loading on Dad Eye, and they did it with caution, too, and then they buried Fritz.

After the American private had delivered his eight chevaux over to the proper authorities, he turned over his prisoners to the nearest M.P. and made out the following report:

"Requisitioned three German prisoners from a French soldier to help me load eight horses. One got kicked. We buried him in — France. Other two delivered to American M.P. at — France."

CHEVRONS BOSS BARS
There are times when even a captain has to heed the command of a non-commissioned officer.

In the Soissons region a young Minnesotan (the captain) and his company had advanced seven or eight kilometers. A machine gun opened on them and the captain was hit in the hip. He could go no farther; he couldn't walk. A corporal of his company was badly wounded so severely that it has since been amputated below the knee. He suffered other wounds, for the doctor found a total of 12.

He told the corporal to give him a cigarette and a pistol and to go on himself.

"You're my captain, but this is one time I'm not going to do as you say," replied the corporal. Forthwith he went off, carried more H.C.s, got another rifle, and returned.

The captain today is alive and recovering. The corporal probably is, too.

GOODBYE
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye. We're on our way to France. We're going out to God knows what. The nigger for the dance. To starboard and to port. Our paint-patched convicts toss. Glim thunderbolts in rainbow garb. We join a path across. Our guns are slugged and set. To smack the U-boats eye. God help the Hun that tries his luck— Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.

Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye. The decks are deep with men. We're going out to God knows what. We'll be back God knows when. Old friends are at our sides. Old songs drift out to sea. Oh, it is good to go to war. In such a company. The sun is on the waves. That race to meet the sky. Where strange, new shores reach out to us— Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.

Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye. A long and weary while. Through all the drab and empty days. Remember us and smile. Our good ship shoulders on. Along a lane of foam. And every turn the sea sends round. Is farther still from home. We'll miss the things we left. The more the white miles roll. So keep them till we come again. Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye. Stewart M. Emery, A.E.F. At sea, two days out.

MUST COPY TELEGRAMS
A certified copy of every official telegram originating in France and destined to points outside France, except Great Britain, must be forwarded by mail at the end of each month to the Chief Quartermaster, A.E.F., A.P.O. 717, by the office in which the telegram is prepared.

This order, according to Bulletin No. 22, does not apply to transatlantic cablegrams. It holds, however, whether the telegram was filed at a French or Signal Corps telegraph office. The certified copies will be held until the receipt of the French government's bill, when they will be checked against the bill, which, if found to be correct, will thereupon be paid.

This action has been taken to provide at once for checking and paying bills received from the French government for telegrams transmitted over lines beyond their jurisdiction, such as messages addressed to Spain, Italy and Switzerland.

TWISTING THE MEANING
"The kitchen's been an awfully orderly place ever since Blinks was made mess sergeant."

"Yes, and ever since Blinks was made top, the orderly room's been in a hell of a mess."

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B

-By WALLGREN

US AND THE ARTISTS

ARTILLERY PUPILS
LONG ON FIGURESY-Azimuths and Magic
Numbers Make War a
Course of Algebra

BUSY AROUND THE CLOCK

Reveille at 5 a.m. and Nothing to
Do After 9 p.m. Except Study
Next Day's Lessons"It's a great life, if you don't
weaken."This was the immortal thought leaping
from the mind of Capt. A. of the
Field Artillery, just arrived for a final
course at a French Artillery school back
of the lines.This thought came into being as the
French instructor, facing the rolling,
hilly range off beyond, concluded: "The
coordinates of your gun position are
352,436 and 610,344; your Magic
Number is 6285; your Y-azimuth is 3020;
you will be ready to open fire next."Less than a year ago, Capt. A. of the
Field Artillery was a state business
man or middle-aged lawyer back home.
He hadn't opened or heard of a book
on mathematics for 17 years. He had
never heard, and had never expected to
hear, of a Magic Number. If any one
had said Y-azimuth to him, he would
have replied politely that he had never
studied the Chaldean language. He knew
what an azimuth was, in a vague, disinter-
ested way, but the only mil he had
ever heard about ground out flour. And
a co-ordinate meant absolutely nothing
in his busy life.

3500 Plus 155

Yet here he stood, 3,500 miles away
from home on French soil, with a bat-
tery of 155's hidden back of a knoll
some hundreds of yards away waiting
for the exact computation and command
from him that would deposit a big shell
within the immediate neighborhood of
a small trench five kilometers away upon
the range.Capt. A. was only one of a good many
hundreds between 30 and 40 who were
in exactly the same fix and who didn't
feel any better about it in the midst
of youngsters just out of college who
were able to take the Magic Number
Y-azimuth stuff at a gulp."Did I come over here to shoot Ger-
mans," pondered Capt. A., "or to show
up Wentworth and Henry J. Calculus?"Nevertheless, on a French artillery
range, it had to be done. For the
French are not only keen mathemati-
cians; they also know the great value
and necessity of mathematics applied to
artillery, the two games being about one
and the same.Capt. A. had already received instruc-
tion in material, how to take a breech
block apart and put it back, how to
charge a recoil cylinder, all about pow-
ders, fuses, sights, rammer stuffs, lan-
yards and the rest of it, but he was
now captivated into the main job, the
firing job, the job that was to do the
work and blow up a hidden trench or
battery some miles away, using a map,
a fuse, a shell and a gun mainly for
this purpose.He had probably never read a map
in his life before, except to bound Idaho
back in his school days. But he soon
found the French didn't care any more
about maps than they did about win-
ning the war. For one of the first mot-
toes on the artillery school walls is this:
"Three minutes on the map saves three
hours on the terrain."

His Daily Schedule

Take a brief look at Capt. A.'s daily
schedule—up at reveille, 5:30 a. m. Then
a battery of over 200 men to look after:
non-coms to help train; B.C. detail
waiting for instruction; two stables of
horses to handle and care for, number-
ing over a hundred head; drills, com-
pany accounts, gas mask instruction and
a thousand details tossed at him, with
\$500,000 worth of property in his con-
trol.Is that all? Not quite. For we haven't
come to the school work yet. In the fore-
noon he must put in four hours on the
range working out firing data, locating
co-ordinates, reading maps, measuring
angles, making corrections for wind,
temperature, barometric pressure, tem-
perature of the powder, weight of the
projectile and drift. And he is doing
this under the eagle eye of a Frenchman
who knows the game and who believes
in absolute exactness and the order of
things.On one occasion Capt. A., weary of the
slower process, shifted abruptly and hit
the target.Did he receive the commendations of
his French instructor? He did—like
Kelly did."You hit the target," said the French
captain in a disapproving tone, "but
you broke a rule."

The next thing that came near being

THE BUCK TELLS ABOUT IT

"I guess I won't be glad again to see the folks at home;
To plant my Army hob-nails on a good, old fashioned street;
To have the old cap tilted at an angle on my dome,
And tell 'em all about it up and down the old-time beat.""To tell 'em everything I saw
From New York to the Rhine;
To tell 'em how we butted in
And helped to break the line;
But not until it's over
And we've slipped 'em merry hell—
For until the Hun is beaten,
There'll be no thing to tell.""I guess I won't be ready when they start the other way,
To slog along the good, old town that waits across the sea;
To put the final touches on the things I've got to say,
And take a bugler back to shout when he blows reveille.""To tell 'em all there is to tell
About each daily stunt;
Of shell and gas and shrapnel,
And of life along the front;
But not until it's over
And we've cracked the Kaiser's spell—
For until the Hun is beaten,
There'll be nothing fit to tell."broken was Capt. A.'s patience, but he
finally saw that the French instructor
was right. One wild shot might hit any
target, but it takes "the rule" to keep
on hitting it.

If He Makes a Mistake

After a momentous struggle, Capt. A.
finally gets his bracket, swings into his
fire for improvement and from there
goes into fire for effect. But somewhere
in the course of his problem he makes a
mistake and then some one drops the fol-
lowing cheerful thought:"Up on the front line last week Capt.
B made a mistake of 60 mills and fired
into his own trenches. It is not known
yet whether he will be court-martialed
or merely sent back home as inefficient."Whereupon cold and clammy heads of
perspiration attack Capt. A.'s manly
brow as he jumps in to make a quick
correction of the error.This is one of the big shadows that
constantly envelops the Artillery officer—
the knowledge that a mistake on his
part will not merely mean a waste of
powder and ammunition, but may also
cost the lives of many infantrymen in
the first line trenches. Back home, his
mistake might cost him a few dollars.
Here it may cost him more than a few
lives. War and business are not quite
one and the same.Having gotten deflections, shifts, co-
ordinates, Magic Numbers, Y-azimuths,
reciprocal laying, K-sub-zeros and such
out of his system, is Capt. A. through
for the day?Not quite. He gallops back to lunch
and then plunges into a series of lectures
on artillery firing, orienting, radio, tele-
phone communications and a dozen or so
other devices attached to artillery work.
He manages to get through by retreat
and from there beats it to supper.To rest for the next day? Not yet.
For after supper there is a lecture on
gas warfare, camouflage, aerial observa-
tion or wireless. This brings him up to
9 p. m.Ready to hit the well known hay? You
can gamble your last franc that he is,
but how about the studying he has to
do for the next day's job or the next
examination? Or the details he hasn't
been able to finish through the day? Or
the assignments for his lieutenants and
non-coms for the day ahead?

Sees No Terrors in Line

The front line or the dugouts back of
the same may contain sudden death, but
they look good to Capt. A., who refuses
to believe that anything could carry
greater complications than his present
artillery school job. The thought of a
massive shell bursting squarely on top
of his dome brings no depression. He
feels that he, too, can say, "O Death,
where is thy sting; O grave, where is
thy victory?"But through it all, serene, polite,
guiding but always thorough, the French
instructor or his American aide leads
him gently on the way with compassion,
probably, but without respite. And his
younger lieutenants, out of college,
minus the greater responsibilities, gal-
lop early along through the mathemat-
ical highways and tell him to "Cheer up
and forget it" when he complains.There are times when Capt. A. feels
that he can't go much further on the
same road. There come to him sudden
thoughts that his mind is caving in and
that his brain is taking on the outlines
of an omelette. Life is nothing but
trouble and his dreams are broken by
his own shells falling in his own front
lines and by telephone communications
gone to smash.He rallies a bit the next day and is
told that after a battery had been
American, humor of playing out the
game. And later on, when his battery
is up front, these few words furnish the
answer:"The accuracy of the American Artil-
lery played an important part in the
day's advance."WOMEN WITH A.E.F.
TO BE IN MOVIESY.M. Has 600 Here—Hello
Girls Will Get In
LimelightThe women who play so important a
part in the auxiliary services of the
A.E.F., as well as those directly con-
nected with military operations, are to be
filmed by the historical division of the
Signal Corps.Our telephone units, of course, will
occupy a considerable share of the lime-
light in the five reels planned to tell of
women's war work in France.Numerically, the women workers of
the Y.M.C.A. will probably figure
largely in the auxiliary service, for of
these there are nearly 600 in France
today, of whom 416 are behind the hot
chocolate and sandwich and cigarette
counters. There are two dozen wearing
entertainment uniforms, and there will
be more soon.It is probable that with the Red Cross
and our own Army nurses added, this
will be the biggest cast of women ever
posed for a motion picture.

PICKED ON THE FLY

When the airplanes come sailing back
across our lines and make for their wait-
ing fields, the watchers below have no
means of telling who "mischievous" they
have been up to, whether they have had an
unmistaken and leisurely survey of the
enemy or a hair-raising battle in the air.
Once in a while they get an inkling.
The other day, when a returning plane
swooped low to drop its hastily scribbled
message, those who ran forward to pick
up the little metal tube in which it was
stuffed found that the tube had been
pierced by a bullet.

MUSICIANS WANTED

Unsung Wind Instrument Players wanted to re-
ceive of the oldest bands in the A.E.F., to 20 parts.
Clarinets, flutes, oboes, and French horns particularly
needed. Promising according to ability. State quali-
fications and musical experience or any kind when
applying. All letters answered.Address: BANDLEADER, care STARS AND
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PARIS218 Rue de Rivoli
PLEASANT ROOMS WITH BATH
MODERATE PRICESWOMAN'S LAND ARMY
THOUSAND STRONGWorkers Live in 38 Camps
Throughout New
York StateBY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES
AMERICA, Aug. 22.—The New York
State Woman's Land Army now has 28
camps scattered throughout the State,
with about a thousand women farm
workers representing all classes—college
girls, factory girls, and stenographers,
all working efficiently and all fitting in
wonderfully. They stand the gaff and
produce the goods.They are doing even such work as
clearing wood lots and handling loads,
and they like it. Astonishingly few back
out when they see what they are up
against, and farmers who were inclined
to grin at city-bred females now admit
respectfully that you never can tell how
much muscle and grit may be hiding
under frivolous shirtwaists.A big drive for recruits will be
launched this month. The physical
health of the workers has improved
strikingly, and this fact will aid recruit-
ing.

NO CHANCE A-TALL

After they stopped Sundays off at the
base ports, the steeplechasers for a time
lived in the hope of being able to work
themselves into a vacation by discharg-
ing cargo faster than the ships could
bring it in. But it didn't work out.
"We had decided," explained Joseph
Washington, "that here ain't no chance
of ever catchin' up—not in dis heah
swah, anyhow."J. COQUILLOT
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CABBAGES BANISH MONKEY MEAT IN FRONT LINE MESS

Doughboys Feast on New
England Boiled Dinner
from King's Garden

"CARDS" HELP YANKS FARM

American Women Show Wounded
How to Plant Kohlrabi and
Leeks at Versailles

Up beyond Chateau-Thierry where the doughboys had been walloping the Hohenzollern household guards on a diet of monkey meat and canned willy, alias wild cat and buzzard, something important happened the other day.

About the time they began handing out decorations on the strength of those same walloppings, a caravan of canvas-colored motor trucks swung into the back areas with the ammunition wagons and one day monkey meat, canned willy, wild cat and buzzard all vanished from the doughboys' messes and they started serving New England boiled dinners. Great kettles full of boiled cabbage, with cauliflower, string beans, and meaty potatoes, took the place of the monkey meat.

If the Levantine, loaded with watermelons, had suddenly docked at a stevedore's camp, it couldn't have produced any more jubilation than the cabbage dinners brought northeast of Chateau-Thierry.

That was a great day because it marked the fulfillment of the self-feeding hopes of the American Army in France—at least, as far as fresh vegetables go. All those cabbages, beans, potatoes and cauliflower had been planted by doughboys, tended by doughboys, harvested by doughboys and hauled to the front by doughboys. And it had all been done in France.

Doughboy Farmers Cheer Up

About a day after the cabbages had appeared at Chateau-Thierry, there was more jubilation, this time far back from the front lines, at the big war gardens where several hundred doughboys, convalescing from wounds or sickness, have been achieving their hearts' desire because they had been compelled to exchange rifles for rakes. They hadn't realized they were any longer a part of the war until the captain came back from that first trip to the front with garden truck and in a speech told them what their comrades thought about it.

All this is one way of saying that the first war gardens of the American Army in France, blessed by a professor of botany of Chicago University and a rancher from North Dakota, have made good.

Hundreds of acres of A.E.F. gardens are almost in sight of Paris. The old hunting grounds of Louis XIV. at Versailles are now split up into fields of onions and carrots, peas and beans, and everything else that grows on stalks and vines to be eaten. Kings have given away to cabbages, and doughboys rattle about where royal courtesans once crested their charms and made his bed.

The war gardens are established here, April, and they are only beginning to take on the vastness which will ultimately be theirs. There is one barracks colony on a sunshiny hill that looks away toward the palaces, and clattering hammers are clothing the skeletons of other barracks on a slope about a mile away. In one corner of the farm an old farmhouse has been turned into use for living quarters.

These gardens manned by wounded Americans are to be the center of other military gardens. They will largely provide the seedling plants for the gardens being established have already done it for some.

The Versailles garden will take no chances on France's variable rainfall. An irrigation system will see that there is always water for the fields. Drought is a real danger, in spite of what American soldiers may think of the climate.

Woman "Cards" Are Teachers

Heaven and Eden would make better post office addresses for the garden than the stilted A.P.O. stuff, the doughboys say. To make the Eden part of it real, there are now American women at the gardens, devoting the highest technical skill to the task of helping feed the American Army.

You probably remember reading of the group of women that Miss Anne Morgan, daughter of the late J. P. Morgan, was sending to France to help re-establish the villages and orchards of Picardy. About the time these women were ready to take up that work, the Germans were back on the job of devastation. So Miss Morgan's group, headed by Miss Mary Rutherford Jay—many of the wonderful gardens on the big Long Island estates are her work—offered to throw its energy into the war garden task at Versailles.

Six of the women are now at Versailles. They live in a villa in the town, and each day they come out to the gardens and work side by side with the doughboys. The soldier gardeners will tell you these women have become their big sisters, and share with them their troubles, encourage them to keep their fingers home, and keep them from discouragement when wounds and lingering ailments harass them.

The women workers call themselves the "Cards" from the initials of their organization which they wear on their shoulders. The letters standing for Comité American Relations Desarmées. Their uniform is of half-tan, half-blue, rough canvas material, with high skirt over spiral puttees, and with just the kind of a sun-shading hat you'd expect a farmette to wear.

Woman Boss of Cabbage Patch

Two of the Cards just now are setting out a big field of late-growing cabbages, planting the seeds in shallow furrows along lines stretched to keep the rows evenly spaced. Another takes her turn behind a pair of big farm horses hitched to a spring-tooth harrow while she shows a dozen Belgian refugees, men and women, how the carrots ought to be planted so they will grow just right for this winter's company messes.

Private Henry P. Hunt, of Portland, Ore., who learned something of gardening in peace time back on the Regular Army posts of the West, leaned on his hoe as he looked thoughtfully over the fields where a sketched line of ever-afraid new Army men were advancing with projectors—arsenate of lead, no liquid fire—on the strongly held positions of the striped lettuce beetle.

"You can pass the word along to the boys that we're sure going to give 'em good chow," he said. "We're growing everything here from haricots to leeks, kohlrabi to squash. And I'll be light on the gold-fish and heavy on the squids and carrots this winter."

JUST PLAYBOY DOUGHBOYS



Showing the Latest in Steel Millinery and Handiwork of Infantry Modistes

ALONG THE LINE

A Yank detachment fighting on the Somme had just returned, reporting the capture of four German guns, which were on their way back. The Australians were full of congratulations, mixed with a small dash of natural envy, when a few minutes later an Australian battery rode up drawing its guns with a complete outfit of German horses, their own horses drawing the German guns in the rear. Then everybody shook hands and called it a draw.

The Engineers long since found out that the shovel is one of the prize instruments of war.

During the advance to the Vesle, one of the young American Engineers, who had been hurt at it, was seen trudging along with both rifle and shovel. Being a bit fagged, he stopped for a moment, undecided which part of his equipment he would drop in the forward push.

He dropped the shovel, went on about ten yards, and then was suddenly seen to turn and come back for his prize possession. When last seen he was carrying both rifle and shovel, but if the choice had to be made again it was easy to see that the rifle would have to go.

One member of an American company developed into such a keen souvenir hunter that his mates finally called a halt. He had gathered in a German helmet, a machine gun belt and several other odds and ends, frequently crawling out under fire to make his haul. Then, one day, he crawled out and upon returning carefully deposited a German dud in the trench. That was a trifle too much for the rest of the outfit. They made him crawl back with his prize, and on his return trip he was slightly wounded. Now his craze for souvenirs is said to be eternally smothered.

A wounded doughboy was brought into a field dressing station. The surgeon saw that one leg was badly shot up and said:

"Well, it's a pretty tough one, but we'll have you back in a few weeks."

"You're wrong there, Major," replied the wounded man. "You haven't seen this hole through my chest yet. I'll be gone before night, but the only kick I've got is that I won't be able to get back and help finish up the job."

There is one private with the 1st Am. Tn. who will have to wear a new nose kit. But he will be more than glad to have the change.

A German battery, at odd intervals, had been conducting a searching or harassing fire around the Vesle, but no shells had fallen for half an hour when the Ammunition boys lined up for supper. Suddenly, a volley cracked out and shrapnel began to spatter about.

Not a man was hit, but the private in question had the queer sensation of seeing his mess kit blown out of his hands and badly wrecked, without even getting his hand scratched.

"That's close enough," said a mate, standing near by.

"It's closer than that," was the private's only comment.

One battery commander had had his battery in action over a long stretch without a serious casualty. A few days ago, a German gun secured a direct hit upon one of the field pieces, but the hit developed in such a way that the field piece was able to continue its return fire within less than five minutes.

"He'll be the man that either kills or captures the Kaiser," said a lieutenant.

About 10 o'clock on the morning of the brigade's arrival at a beautiful little town that looked, under the morning summer sun, as if it might be a million miles from the battle front, the peaceful scene was accentuated by two boyish privates of Squad 17 size, obviously strays from their company, at the side of the street just around the corner from headquarters.

One was sleeping, as only a soldier who has seen five days of battle can sleep, his head dangling carelessly over a mud-stained pack. The other had one shoe off, and was regarding ruefully, but rather listlessly, his capital wound of battle, a blistered foot. Before them, as conspicuous as the top sergeant at morning roll-call, stood, in its labeled and tumbled glory, an empty champagne bottle. Every rank from sergeant to brigadier-general passed them, tried to look shocked, and failed.

By-and-by the second private stretched his foot over the curb and went to sleep too. It wasn't until afternoon that a non-com, rounding up stragglers, awoke them.

"Where did you get that champagne?" asked the non-com (with motives beyond question).

"Well," explained the smaller of the pair, "we hadn't had anything to eat but iron rations for five days, and not much of that, then we lost our outfit, and when we landed here we started out to buy something. The only thing for sale in the whole town was a bottle of champagne, so we bought that."

"You can pass the word along to the boys that we're sure going to give 'em good chow," he said. "We're growing everything here from haricots to leeks, kohlrabi to squash. And I'll be light on the gold-fish and heavy on the squids and carrots this winter."

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ANTI SUFFRAGISTS FIND NEW ARGUMENT

Jersey Senator Tells President
Issue Doesn't
Affect War

POLITICIANS ARE WORRIED

Long Island Male's Petition
Thrown Out by Cleverness of
Woman Candidate

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, Aug. 22.—Senator Baird of New Jersey has gallantly nailed the flag to the mast and, in reply to the President's letter asking him to vote for the national woman suffrage amendment, declines to regard this measure as affecting the conduct of the war, saying:

"Would it not be better to leave the settlement of this extraneous question to calm and clear minds when the war is over?"

Anti suffrage newspapers and speakers warmly approve this argument and solemnly warn the country against a controversy and division at this time. They have practically dropped all other familiar arguments in favor of this one.

Senator Baird's attitude will doubtless waken a nice little storm center, as Governor Edge is fighting for the Republican nomination for the United States Senate to succeed Baird.

Women Want Plain Answers

There are several other Republican candidates in the field and they will all have to show their hands, for the women of the whole country have gotten down to mighty definite business. They are not content with noble general sentiments, choicely expressed in platforms, but insist that candidates answer categorical questions in short English words. Many of our best politicians consider this as almost unconstitutional cruelty.

Altogether, this woman suffrage amendment is causing suffering to politicians in pants. A trusting and guileless life-long male politician of Long Island has just been sunk without warning by an amateur woman opponent for the New York State Assembly nomination. She found out that he had made a least mistake in his nominating petition, so she saved wood until time for the filing of the petitions was up. Then she brought suit, his petition was thrown out and she was left the sole candidate.

Things like this convince the politicians that woman suffrage will inevitably push our poor old country over the brink of disaster.

"You Americans think you are over here raising hell," remarked a German prisoner to a private taking him back. "Yes," said the private, "and you think you are going back to rest up in a hospital—but you ain't if you don't keep your damned mouth shut."

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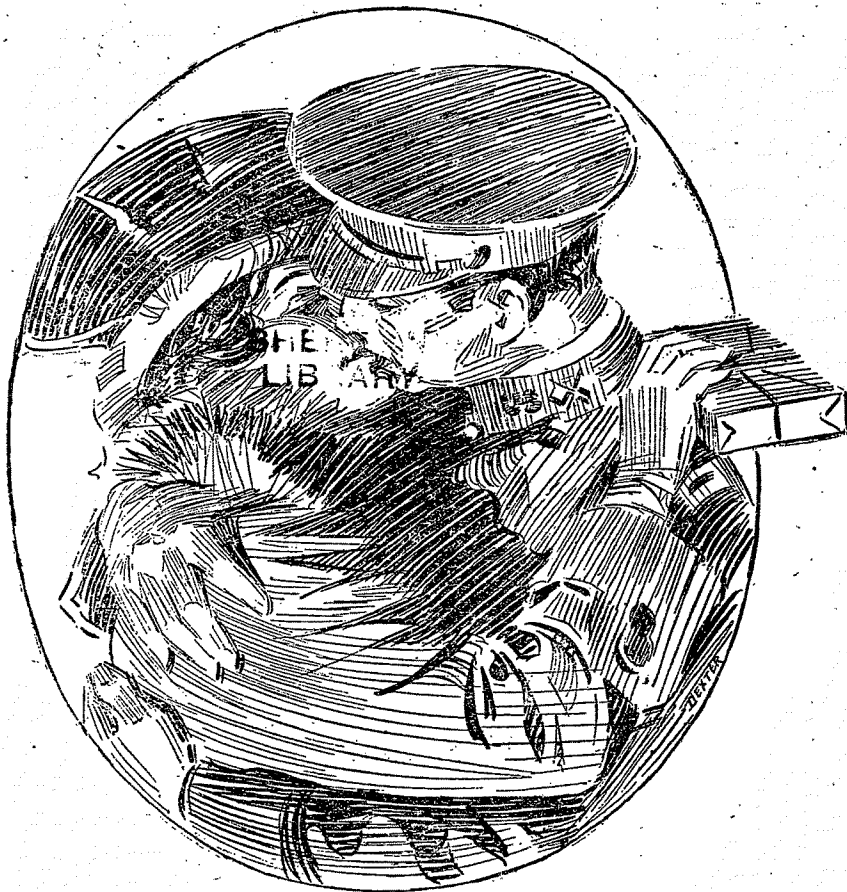
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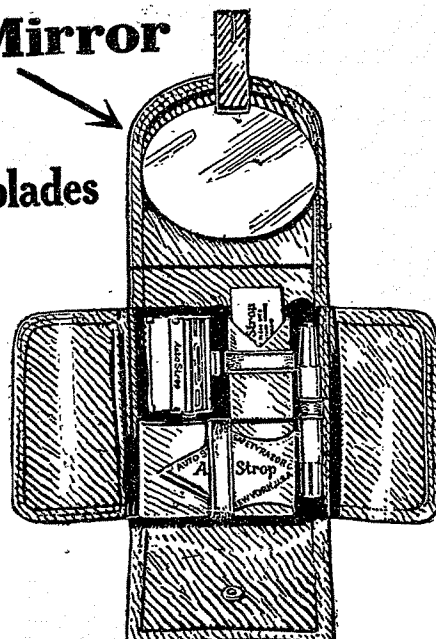
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